

The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

VOL. VIII.—NO. 15.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 12, 1871.

WHOLE NO. 197.

The Poet's Corner.

HANNAH JANE.

ASSEL MERRIWEATHER, REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS
FROM THE THIRTY-THIRD DISTRICT OF INDIANA—
LAWYER, WRITER, ORATOR—SOLVES ONE SOCIAL
PROBLEM.

She isn't half so handsome as when, twenty years
agone,
At her old home in Piketown Parson Avery made us
one;
The great house crowded full of guests of every de-
gree,
The girls all envying Hannah Jane, the boys all envy-
ing me.

All's changed; the light of seventeen's no longer in
her eyes;
Her wavy hair is gone—that loss the coiffeur's art sup-
plies;
Her form is thin and angular; she slightly forward
bends;
Her fingers, once so shapely, now are stumpy at the
ends.

I know there is a difference; at reception and levee
The brightest, wittiest and most famed of women
smile on me;
And every where I hold my place among the greatest
men,
And sometimes sigh, with Whittier's judge, "Alas! it
might have been."

She had four hundred dollars left her from the old es-
tate;
On that we married, and, thus poorly armored, faced
our fate.
I wrestled with my books; her task was harder far
than mine—
'Twas how to make two hundred dollars do the work
of nine.

At last I was admitted; then I had my legal lore,
An office with a stove and desk, of books perhaps a
score;
She had her beauty and her youth, and some house-
wifely skill,
And love for me and faith in me, and back of that a
will.

I had no friends behind me—no influence to aid;
I worked and fought for every little inch of ground I
made.
And how she fought beside me! never woman lived on
less;
In two long years she never spent a single cent for
dress.

Ah! how she cried for joy when my first legal fight was
won,
When our eclipse passed partly by, and we stood in
the sun!
The fee was fifty dollars—'twas the work of half a
year—
First captive, lean and scraggy, of my legal bow and
spear.

I well remember, when my coat (the only one I had),
Was seedy grown and threadbare, and, in fact, most
"shocking bad,"
The tailor's stern remark, when I a modest order
made:
"Cash is the basis, sir, on which we tailors do our
trade."

Her winter cloak was in his shop by noon that very
day;

She wrought on hickory shirts at night that tailor's
skill to pay.
I got a coat, and wore it; but alas! poor Hannah
Jane
Ne'er went to church or lecture till warm weather came
again.

No negro ever worked so hard, a servant's pay to
save,
She made herself most willingly a household drudge
and slave.
What wonder that she never read a magazine or book,
Combining as she did in one, nurse, housemaid, seam-
stress, cook!

What wonder that the beauty fled that I once so
adored!
Her beautiful complexion my fierce kitchen fire de-
voured;
Her plump, soft, rounded arm was once too fair to be
concealed;
Hard work for me that softness into sinewy strength
congealed.

I was her altar, and her love the sacrificial flame;
Ah! with what pure devotion she to that altar came,
And, tearful, flung thereon—alas! I did not know it
then—
All that she was, and more than that, all that she
might have been!

At last I won success. Ah! then our lives were wider
parted;
I was far up the rising road; she, poor girl! where we
started.
I had tried my speed and mettle, and gained strength
in every race;
I was far up the heights of life—she drudging at the
base.

At twenty-eight the State-house; on the bench at thirty-
three;
At forty every gate in life was opened wide to me.
I nursed my powers, and grew, and made my point in
life; but she—
Bearing such pack-horse, weary loads, what could a
woman be?

What could she be? Oh, shame! I blush to think
what she has been;
The most unselfish of all wives to the selfishest of
men.
Yes, plain and homely now she is; she's ignorant, 'tis
true;
For me she rubbed herself quite out: I represent the
two.

Well, I suppose that I might do as other men have
done—
First break her heart with cold neglect, then shove her
out alone.
The world would say 'twas well, and more, would give
great praise to me
For having borne with "such a wife" so uncomplain-
ingly.

And shall I? No! The contract 'twixt Hannah, God
and me
Was not for one or twenty years, but for eternity.
No matter what the world may think; I know down in
my heart
That, if either, I'm delinquent, she has bravely done
her part.

There's another world beyond this; and on the final
day
Will intellect and learning 'gainst such devotion
weigh?
When the great one, made of us two, is torn apart again,
I'll kick the beam, for God is just, and He knows Han-
nah Jane.

BY PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

Editorial Notes.

One thousand ladies recently attended a
Republican campaign meeting in Stockton,
California. If women may go to political
meetings, why not to the polls?

Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson has taken a
small and cosy house in Chicago, on the
South Side, and we hope her fine talents as a
reader will be fully appreciated by Western
audiences.

Last week there was a preliminary meet-
ing held at the house of Mrs. Dr. Lozier for
the purpose of re-organizing the New York
Woman Suffrage Association. Resolutions
were passed for furthering the plan, and it
was agreed that any person who desires can
become a member by paying the weekly sum
of ten cents to Mrs. Dr. Lozier, at 361 W. 34th
street. It is proposed, we believe, to hire a
hall and hold stated meetings during the com-
ing winter. All friends of the cause, in this
vicinity, should rally to the support of these
few people who are exerting themselves to
form a nucleus for our cause in this metropo-
lis.

The terrible fire which has devastated
Chicago is a cause of dismay to the whole
country. One hundred thousand homeless,
houseless, hungry people, it is said, are abroad
in the streets, and it behooves all humane peo-
ple to think at once what can be done for their
relief. Chicago, so prosperous and rich two
days ago, to-day, through this terrible calam-
ity, one of the greatest of modern times, be-
comes the pensioner of the continent. From
the proudest, through the scathing of this
monstrous fire, it has become the most abject
of all our cities. Eastern capital must play
an important part in rebuilding its homes,
churches, and business places, and the great
duty of the hour is to feed the hungry and
clothe the naked, who have been bereft so
suddenly of shelter and support.

Madame Jenny Van Zandt, an American
prima donna, after a six years absence abroad,
where she has won a high reputation in Eng-
land, Italy, Russia, and other European coun-
tries, has returned to New York, and made
her debut at the Academy of Music, in Balfe's
opera of *Satanella*, on Monday evening last.
She was received at first somewhat critically
and coolly by the large audience, for it is the
fashion with Americans to reserve their en-
thusiasm for foreign artists; but her real mer-
its, and the charm of her superb and well-
trained voice before the end of the first act,
fairly changed her audience from cautious
critics into warm admirers, and the applause
she received thereafter during the evening
must have been all the more acceptable to its
recipient, since it was evident that it was a
well-earned testimonial to her power as a vo-
calist and an artiste.

WOMAN SUPERFLUOUS.

I have been thinking pretty steadily upon the woman question for some time past, and am obliged to confess that the more I study upon it the more of a muddle it becomes. One question is continually forcing itself upon my attention, and I have at last determined to appeal to some one wiser than myself for an answer. It is this: "Has woman really any definable place or use in this world except as some sort of appendage to man?" Do not her nature and endowments indicate that she was created to be man's assistant—to prevent him by her softer nature from becoming too fierce; and by the bearing of children, and attention to the lighter needs and wants of his social life, save his precious time to do the great work of the world?

Adopting any other view than this, is not woman the most incomplete, anomalous, incongruous creature on the face of the earth? Surely, Mr. Huxley does not at all overstate the case when he says she is "fearfully weighted" in the race of life. Not quite fitted to take sole care of herself, she is yet so nearly fitted as to be capable of a sort of half-way, halting independence, which is supposed to make her less attractive and less lovable. She is regarded as a privileged being, yet all social evils and disabilities fall more heavily upon her than upon men. In her maternal office she has no competition; yet even this business she cannot carry on alone.

What business can she undertake in which man is not her rival? Men are just as good cooks, laundresses, dress-makers, teachers, nurses, as women. We are told that the province of the esthetic belongs to us. Why, then, do not men give it up to us? If they would be content to do the "heavy finishings" of the social edifice, leaving us the fine touches, we would see the justice of such a division. But men are just as much the lovers, creators and cultivators of the beautiful as women—nay, they are greatly in advance of them. As artists, men have always excelled women.

We are told that woman's kingdom is a spiritual one, whatever that may mean. But there are men just as refined in spirit, tender, patient and self-sacrificing as women. Men do the world's public preaching and praying. The brightest examples of devotedness to religious ideals have been found amongst men. They preach with more unction, pray with more fervor, make more entire consecration of themselves to spiritual things than women. And added to all their gifts and underlying all their energies, they have physical strength, the want of which keeps women perpetual underlings.

I know well how beautiful and beneficent the lives of women can be made, even with the full understanding of their limitations. But if the best thing intended for her is to be a sort of wingless angel, hovering about man, dividing her time between making his shirts and pointing him to heaven, receiving food and shelter in return therefor—if this is truly the best thing intended for her, why do not all fair-minded and right-thinking women instinctively accept and feel satisfied with it? Why are some so strongly tempted to feel that they have direct relations with their Maker, which they do not need the mediumship of any man to interpret for them.

Why do I, an old maid, with no prospect of ever being anything else, yet unwilling for

that reason to take immediate departure for another world; why do I feel "aggravated" when I reflect that if every woman and female child upon this globe should be suddenly stricken from existence, the business of the world would go on, to all appearance, pretty much the same as before. What "public improvement" would receive a check—except perhaps the Asylum for Indigent Widows? Beautiful mansions would still be built; elegant furnishings would adorn them; walls would be clad with exquisite pictures; rooms made eloquent with all fine imaginings of art, and all fine interpretations of nature, as now. There would be music and poetry, lectures, sermons and theatricals, as now. Shirts and coats would be just as well made, washed and ironed; tables as elegantly laid; steak and coffee as nicely cooked and served.

You will say that a world of men, untempered by the womanly element, would very rapidly go to the bad in morals. I do not positively dissent from this, for you know I am arguing that the wingless angels were made for man, so far as I can see; but I must insist upon the probabilities that, after a little time, self-interest, combined with higher motives, would induce a very decent condition of society. No doubt the influence of woman tends much to prevent intemperance and some forms of dishonest dealing in men, yet is it not equally true that false standards and extravagant modes of living, for which she is mainly responsible, are fruitful sources of these vices? And surely one immensely prolific source of evil would be cut off.

The disagreeable consideration is, that after a few score of years the race would die out. But, I candidly assure you that I have doubts, even of this! Such vast strides in discovery are being made by scientists of the present day, that, goaded as they would be by so powerful an incentive as the fear of extinction, I am half prepared to believe that some means would be devised by which the race might be perpetuated.

I close with the question, "What is the rightful status of woman in this world?"

THE WASHINGTON SOCIAL EVIL MOVEMENT.

The New York *Tribune* must needs give its opening of this New Departure, and as usual is non-committal, or on both sides. The *Tribune* is forced to consider the necessity, as well as the numbers, character, earnestness of the movers and fitness of their methods. But like the Rev. Dr. Boynton, it questions "whether the punishment which lights so terribly on this fault is not intended as a warning and preventive," the logical sequence of which is that it is wrong to mitigate the penalty. "The man whose guilt is equal, and often greater, goes necessarily unpunished," the logical sequence of which is that nature or society is guilty of a gross injustice.

There is no means of redressing entirely this apparent inequality, the logical sequence of which is that this proposition contradicts the former acknowledgement of inequality, and suggests that the wrongs must continue, and that the inequality is on y apparent after all: "The higher degree of responsibility rests on the weaker sex," the logical sequence of which is an impeachment of the infinite, and the sanction of a foul wrong.

"The virtue of the world lies in charge of the women," which means that the whole re-

sponsibility is hers; and the man has no lot or part in it.

"Sins against modesty are sins against her own soul," which implies that sins against modesty by men are not sins against anybody or anything.

"The man equally or more guilty goes necessarily unpunished, while inexorable nature denounces, to the scorn of the world and the severest physical anguish, the woman who has been untrue to her honor." Nothing could be more false than these statements of the *Tribune*. Man does not necessarily go unpunished, and is often eaten up by his vices; the woman is not denounced by nature for an illegitimate child, nor yet for being untrue to what the *Tribune* calls her honor, which we presume means that her honor must always be in the legal keeping of some man, loving or loveless. It is not true that "physical anguish" is greater in an unmarried than a married woman; and here the *Tribune* shows its ignorance or untruthfulness. The only "necessity" of man's escape lies in the fact of his legal power. He makes the laws; but from the sin itself he is no more exempt than the woman.

It wishes them success—admits that much can be done by these women who have charge of the world's virtue—but—but their womanly hearts may lead them too far, particularly if they attempt a radical cure or expose the unfortunate victims of female unchastity.

Thus it is ever with the advocates of a bad cause. The *Tribune*, in attempting to be false to the cardinal doctrines of human equality founded on the eternal principles of justice, is perpetually vacillating and double in its dealing with the grave questions of the hour.

DISABILITIES OF WOMEN.

The disabilities of women in the various employments of life—those which they share with men, as well as those which are occupied almost wholly by themselves—is a fruitful theme of discussion. The wrongs of working women are beginning to get a proper share of attention in the discussion of the working classes. We have the wrongs of the factory girls, the wrongs of sewing women, the wrongs of school teachers pathetically and indignantly presented to our view in one or other of the labor reform papers almost every day. The press, as the most important agent in the formation of public opinion, which ultimately rules society and makes the laws by which it is governed, is gradually taking something like just ground on the matter, and not only opening its columns to the remonstrance of over-worked, under-paid women against the injustice they suffer from, but is editorially supporting them in their claims. We notice, however, that in discussing the question of injustice to women operatives of various callings, the press almost uniformly plumes itself on the peculiar justice and equality shown towards women engaged in journalism. They say that in literature, as in art, women have the same facilities with men, and are paid like men according to the value of their work. This is partially true as regards general literature after once the entre to it has been gained, although the approaches to paying work of this sort are so hedged in that it is difficult for any one, and particularly so for women, to get access to them unless peculiarly favored by

circumstances and patronage; but it is quite untrue as regards that department of literary work known as daily journalism. There are quite a large number of women employed on the daily and weekly press of New York City, but they do not average the same wages for the same amount of work as men. There are two or three women who, by reason of having attained as *literateurs* a good standing, are enabled to claim salaries running up as high as seven or eight thousand dollars per annum; but these are the marked exceptions to the rule; and there are other women with equally powerful pens, equal culture, at least, as great journalistic ability for editorial work, and who give equal energy and time to the work, who are paid salaries equal only to those of ordinary reporters, or by the column at rates which cannot make them self-supporting unless they get employment on two or three papers. We have heard lately of an instance of managerial generosity which we think ought to find publicity for the comfort and consolation of those poor shop-women and sewing girls who think themselves, as they are, sadly defrauded when they are doomed to work for \$8 and \$10 a week. We only regret that the generosity of our informants hinders us from giving the name and address of the gallant journalist, and also the title of his weekly paper, who entertains such an exalted opinion of the value of ability in his profession, and of the price requisite to obtain the desired article for a "first class family paper."

This ADMIRABLE CRICHTON in journalism desires: "A capable lady to take charge of the society notices and book review department, and devote her time generally to the paper so far as any matter that may be required is concerned during the day." As an incentive to the acceptance of this position, he informs the "capable" ladies who apply, that, in looking up society matters, the editress would enjoy plenty of out-door walks and excursions, which, to a writer, is of no little advantage." For this time and work given, the munificent and remunerative sum of \$10 a week is offered, and the "no little advantage" thrown in. If with such talent as this gentleman can procure at ten dollars a week for his enterprise, we feel confident that if he does not succeed in establishing and making it profitable, there must be something essentially out of gear in the machinery of the mills of God.

WAYSIDE GLEAMS.

The other day I brushed by a little child in the street with a baby in her arms. She was a tiny creature, stunted and poverty-pinched, with a tattered calico dress fluttering about her brown legs, and a mass of dark hair, unkempt, uncombed, dangling over her eyes. The baby she carried was very near her own weight, one of those dead-white, leaden, little creatures, utterly devoid of elasticity. Its stolid face was smeared with the coloring from a red candy stick, which it appeared to have begun sucking simultaneously with the first breath it drew, and would continue sucking as long as it lived. I noticed how the small, bony arms strained to clasp this infantile lump, how the back bent, and the spine curved all in an eye-beam, and then there flashed up from the child's face into mine such a rare, beautiful smile, illumining the pinched

curves and wan look of age and misery, hunger and neglect, that I stopped quite still with wonderment; but a jostling crowd had swept the child away round a corner, down the entrance to a cellar, or up one of those blind alleys that lead to the most discouraging class of tenement houses. It was only a smile from a little beggar girl's wistful eyes, and yet I have been somehow sad when the thought has come to me since that I should never see it again. It was a look to wear in the heart always.

I never go into the street without enjoying a very pleasant species of companionship with human eyes. Eyes everywhere, hostile and sinister, roving, restless, and miserable, cold, indifferent, and careless; but among them are always some that seem to beam kindness upon me almost unconsciously, as though their good will were in excess of home needs—the demands of love and friendship—and must overflow even on strangers. These glimpses and gleams of fellowship—these *naïve*, unstudied acknowledgments of human brotherhood—have brought me more than once from a Decemberish mood of mind to one as sunny as May.

The collective good-will of a city full of people is beautiful to contemplate. It seems to raise the temperature, and make a better climate for the soul. Put it over against the collective hate and animosity of a great town—the elements that war against law and order—and after all, though we prate so constantly of the evils of society, the shadow will make only a blot in the sunshine. The thought of so many long streets filled with homes, so many hearts beating with love, so many lives consecrated to service, so many voices speaking good cheer, helps us to nestle closer to the great common heart of humanity, and pluck a choice blessing.

Suppose, in contrast to the sickening disclosures of the police courts, we could have recorded all the good deeds that are done, the good words that are spoken, the good thoughts that are blossoming out in both these ways, should we not be astonished to find how sweet and sound society is after all?

It is well to be thankful for the small change of kindness that is always in circulation. Little helpful acts, trifling offers of service, can and do cheer our outlook into life.

But little is known, as yet, of the law of sympathy which reveals human beings to each other; but it is the most potent of all agencies in the affairs of the world, as necessary to lubricate the wheels of life as yeast is to make bread rise. It is the thing within us which yearns and cries out, hungers and thirsts—the thing that causes us to look in all strange faces after the possible friend. This, which will not down, which, though cheated, defrauded, thrown back upon itself, still hopes and believes, sometimes takes very artless and spontaneous modes of expression. A friend long ago, in confirmation of this idea, related to me what seemed a beautiful incident. He said that he was one day walking rapidly down a crowded thoroughfare in a great city, when he saw approaching him a stranger, a man with white beard and keen, dark eyes, towards whom he felt a sudden irresistible drawing. As they approached each other, the impulse to hold out his hand was too strong to be overcome, and he yielded to it, while the other, actuated apparently by the

same mysterious feeling, also reached forth his hand, and met the hand of my friend in a warm clasp. Each scanned the face of the other intently, but failed to discover any explanation for this singular occurrence. They were total strangers, as was proved, when they gave their names and places of residence, and mutually confessed to a powerful attraction such as they had never felt before. The narrator of the story told me that he went to the hotel of his new-found friend, and they conversed long and earnestly, and, he added, that the friendship had not only continued, but had ripened into a relation of great value.

This account seems to hint at something so natural and good it is possible that in time the power of discovering those who belong to us may be developed into a sort of sixth sense.

"Let your light shine; hide it not under a bushel," so said the Master. Scatter rays and gleams of kindness by the wayside. Give cheer and help through the simplest expressions of human brotherhood. The sick were brought into the street, and laid so that the shadow of Peter passing by might fall upon and heal them. There is an unconscious radiation from noble natures that blesses every passer by. The indirections of character are as powerful as effects calculated and planned. Fine, high living is never an end unto itself; it adds, without design to the common stock of human riches. Goodness, virtue, love, can no more be bottled and hermetically sealed up for the use of one or more than can the sunshine. These fine and subtle things escape into the air and make it sweeter for all. One being, distinguished by nature, can change even the features of a neighborhood so that it shall never seem as before. Ayrshire is not the Ayrshire that it was previous to the time of Burns, and never will be again. Put the best there is in you into daily life. Give freely of the things of the spirit. Scatter your good with lavish hand. Let the small, gracious gleams sparkle and glimmer all along your way. Your little effort at right living has for allies, all the truth and nobleness there is, and what you give from yourself, obscure though you be, goes to fill the spiritual lungs of the world.

HOW TO GET THE BALLOT.

Woman suffragists should make a note of this from the last Philadelphia Press: "On Saturday last, Miss Carrie L. Burnham, accompanied by Damon V. Kilgore, Esq., her law preceptor and legal adviser, also by the vouchers demanded by law, went before the Board of Assessors and demanded to be registered and assessed as a voter, claiming to be a citizen of the United States, and therefore entitled to the privileges and immunities of citizenship. The canvassers at first objected on account of her sex. Mr. Kilgore then read to them the law, explaining that citizenship was not confined to sex, and that women, from the foundation of our Government had been recognized as citizens, and that now, under the constitution of the United States with its amendments, they were justly entitled to all the privileges of citizenship equally with men. Her name was then registered, she having made the required affidavit, and she received her certificate of assessment which she took to the office of the Receiver of Taxes, tendering therewith her fifty cents. With but little discussion, Mr. Beatty received her tax, and gave her a tax receipt in his own hand writing. One woman is ready for voting."

The Revolution.

Notes About Women.

—Mary M. Andrews, of Brooklyn, aged fifteen, is worth \$1,000,000. She works.

—Love was blind in the case of a Wisconsinian, who had married a woman he had never seen.

—George Sand has recovered from her long sickness, but her physicians have forbidden her to write.

—Miss May Alcott, sister of the author of "Little Women," is progressing finely in the pictorial art, at London.

—Mrs. Eliza B. Burns is the proprietor, editor, and does the engraving of the *American Journal of Phonography*.

—The Princess Salm-Salm has been appointed governess of the daughters of the Prussian Prince Frederick Charles.

—What will the women do next? Miss Spaulding, M. D., of Sandusky, amputated a man's leg a few days ago.

—Women have taken the field as journalists in large force in Germany. Nineteen of the editors there are women.

—A new style of fan has just appeared, made of satin and lace, which, when opened, is in the shape of a butterfly.

—A governess of Bromberg, in Prussia, has discovered a chemical composition for an improved needle-gun cartridge.

—"Was the Roman matron, whose sons were jewels, a mother of pearls?" "No, my child, the Gracchi were Cornelians."

—Miss Bessie Eaglesfield, of Terre Haute, is studying law. She is said to be a bright young lady and an impressive speaker.

—Miss Agnes Strickland has received a pension of \$500 per annum from the British Government in recognition of her historical works.

—Miss Lewis, the colored American sculptress in Rome, is at work upon a statue of "Peace," for the Empress Augusta, of Germany.

—The Countess of Derby is an accomplished Greek scholar. She aided her father-in-law, the late Earl of Derby, in his Homeric studies.

—A little girl losing several fingers in the machinery of a mill at Natick, Mass., recently, asked if it would stop her working for her sick father.

—Harriet Hosmer is said to be the most industrious of all the American artists in Italy. She seldom leaves Rome or her studio, even in the summer.

—Madame Louisa Mulbach is said to be giving herself to the study of English with great assiduity, in view of her approaching visit to this country.

—Dr. Beecher said he did not believe in he work and she work, and never saw a woman do a man's work handily but what he liked her all the better for it.

—The Queen of Sweden has long been so deeply affected by the death of her mother, that her physicians are afraid she may become a confirmed hypochondriac.

—It is expected that between two hundred and three hundred women will attend the next term of the Michigan University. Of the thirty in attendance at the last session, not one failed.

—Four New England Colleges are now open to women—Bates, at Lewiston, Me.; Colby, at Waterville, Me.; Vermont University, at Burlington, Vt., and Wesleyan College, at Middletown, Conn.

—Mlle. Monbelli, the cantatrice, whose appearance in Germany has caused so much enthusiasm, is married to a South-German nobleman, an officer in the army of the King of Wurtemberg.

—The *Mississippi Valley Magazine* for September is the first number of the first volume of a monthly edited by Mrs. Virginia Hanson and Mrs. Frank W. Stone, and published at Lexington, Ky.

—"Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?" "Certainly not, ma'am," replied a gallant philosopher, "it's a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

—The women voters of Wyoming number two thousand, and not one at present holds any office in the Territory, which puts at rest the scandal that they are anxious to vote for the purpose of holding office.

—No girl is fit to be married till she is thoroughly acquainted with the mysteries of the culinary art, even if she is not called upon to practice them. The torch of wedded love is kindled by the kitchen fire.

—The late Mrs. E. W. Steadman, of Marietta, Ohio, whose will was admitted to probate last week, bequeathed \$1,000 to Buchtel University College, at Akron, Ohio, which will admit women on equal terms with men.

In Gail Hamilton's new book, "Woman's Worth and Worthlessness," we shall no doubt have some very characteristic expressions of this rather caustic, not to say unamiable and arrogant writer's views of the Question of the Hour.

—Miss Mary C. Lowe is the first young lady to enter Colby University, at Waterville, Me., and was among those best prepared. She is a graduate of the Waterville Classical Institute, and will pursue the studies of the regular college course.

—Matrimonial advertisements are not allowed in Vienna; but there is no more difficulty in getting a wife there than in places where the papers teem with "Personals." Matrimonial advertisements mean anything but marriage.

—The ex-Express Carlotta of Mexico, it has now been officially announced by her physicians, cannot live many months. Her personal appearance is said to have become quite repulsive. She looks like a very fat woman, and her face is covered with unhealthy eruptions.

—Miss E. M. Pomeroy, of Hartford, Conn., has finished this summer two exquisite views of Watkins' Glen. They have been purchased by Wadsworth Hollister, Esq., of Auburn, N. Y. Miss Pomeroy bids fair to make a reputation and fortune beside with her pallet and brush.

—Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in her article on sewing-women, says: "Constant sewing is harder than farming, more debilitating than 'figuring in a bank,' and takes the roses out of the cheek, and back-bone out of the system with more than the alacrity of a Southern Illinois ague."

—A girl nine years of age arrived at a town in Central Iowa recently, having traveled unprotected all the way from Western Kansas, and bringing with her two sisters, one an infant, which she carried in her arms, and the other three years old. Her parents had emigrated to Kansas, and both died there, and she determined to return to Iowa.

—Jennie Collins, of Boffin's Bower, Boston, is now making her lecture engagements for the winter. She is a capital platform speaker, with an almost unlimited fund of anecdote. She means to tell the whole story of her reform work, and lyceum and lecture committees cannot do better than engage her at once, before her allotted time is fully used up.

—"Olivia" says there is a female Legree, in the Internal Revenue Department, who tortures the poor women, whom she superintends, until some of these forlorn creatures have been driven to resign their offices. We would recommend this amiable superintendent to the special notice of the Secretary. Negro overseers were the hardest task masters, and we blush to find a parallel among women.

—Mrs. Sarah Smith, of Southington, Vt., has just celebrated her ninety-fifth birthday, and does her own work, including the milking and care of two cows and the making of butter, and has three in the family. She boasts that she has laid stone walls, and it is told of her that she pulled three-quarters of an acre of flax and nursed an infant at the same time, in one day, and also raked and bound ten shocks of rye in one afternoon.

—Mrs. Lewes (George Eliot), whose stories of English provincial life have given us so clear an insight into the trials, needs and struggles of the working classes of England, is about publishing a new work, which, it is said, will, like "The Mill on the Floss" and "Felix Holt," make the reader take the view-point of the laboring people in their resistance to capitalist tyranny. The book, whose title has not transpired, is to be published in December.

—The *American Journal of Phonography* is a little monthly journal edited by Mrs. Eliza B. Burns, published in this city, and devoted generally to the interests of phonetic shorthand, and specially to the introduction of that system into the public schools of the United States. The number for October is printed about equally in common English and in phonetic characters. Part of the present number is taken up with clearing up some points in Pittman's criticism of recent American improvements in phonography, and by elucidations of certain important rules in that art.

—Miss E. S. Strickland, the woman farmer of Vineland, made a successful appearance as lyceum lecturer last winter. She is a thoroughly educated woman, a good speaker, and has wit and humor as well as good sense and hard fact. She has had a large practical experience, and is abundantly competent to tell "What a Woman Can Do," and having

The Revolution.

saved her own failing health by out-of-door work, in the management of her farm, she is well fitted to talk intelligently of the health of American women, and also to tell why she wants to vote.

—Ireland has furnished a heroic companion of those famous women, Grace Darling and Ida Lewis, in the person of an unnamed lady, who, seeing a brig wrecked and helpless in plain sight of the life-boats at Drogheda, mouth of the Boyne, put off in a small boat, and, at the risk of her life, rescued a man left on the wave-washed hulk. The world must have the name of this latest heroine to embalm in song and story. And while we chant her praises, let our contempt fall on the male poltroons who refused to go to the rescue which this woman dared to accomplish.

—The *Indiana Radical* has a good notice of Miss L. Maria Giddings, who recently died at the home of Mr. Julian, in Centreville. She was a true intellectual companion to her distinguished father, Joshua R. Giddings, and from the first took more advanced ground than he did in the great anti-slavery movement. He was in the habit of discussing the subjects upon which his mind was engaged with her, and she almost invariably led instead of followed. She appears to have been an ardent advocate of all true reforms and a woman of singular independence and vigor of mind.

—Last winter there was a suspicion hinted at by the *Tribune*, we believe, to the effect that Miss Ream was incapable of making a portrait, and had secured the features of the martyred President by means of a plaster cast taken after death. She has just made an excellent likeness in public, at the American Institute Fair, of Peter Cooper. Her performance was witnessed by hundreds of people, and is likely to silence the ingenious slanderer above referred to. Miss Ream has long been so piquantly falsified it is almost a pity that one of the pet fabrications of her enemies should be so unceremoniously knocked in the head.

—The first annual meeting of Sorosis gave excuse for a pleasant gathering on the 2d of October, enlivened as usual by Mr. Delmonico's good cheer. Resolutions were passed relative to the death of Phoebe Cary, who was one of the oldest and most honored members; and after the usual business there were choice essays, good music and a charming recitation from Mrs. Clymer, the young theatrical debutante. Mrs. Wilbour presented some excellent suggestions on the need of a better physiological training for women, especially wives and mothers, and the venerable Mrs. Frances D. Gage graced the occasion by her honored presence.

—At the Prohibitory Convention, in Boston, Mrs. Ada C. Bowles attempted to get a resolution passed favoring woman suffrage as indispensable to the securing of prohibition. She made a good, forcible speech, and was met by the Rev. Fulton, of lager bier notoriety, who opposed the resolution looking to a recognition of woman. It was just what might have been expected from a consistently wrong-headed man like the Rev. Fulton. His bolt shivered the hopes of the women; and those who follow him are likely to be led into the ditch—if not of intemperance, at least of narrowness, bigotry, and pride of sex, which is as bad, if not worse.

—Mrs. John T. Sargent, of Boston, sets an example which some of our ladies would do well to imitate, in opening her parlors for the meetings of the "Radical Club," and such gatherings of literary and philanthropic people as she may call together, from time to time, for a social and intellectual reunion. Her best effort in this line was on the occasion of the visit of Athanase Conquerel, the distinguished French publicist and divine, to Boston, and he charmed every one present by a talk and act which combined the fine and brilliant points and magnetic enthusiasm for which his discourses are remarkable. New York suffers for a *salon*.

—On the seventh of October, Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, her young daughter, and a party of eight or nine ladies, including Mrs. Bailey, widow of the editor of the *National Era*, sailed away from this port on a lengthy visit to Europe. They go by the Anchor line of steamers, and at Glasgow take ship for the Mediterranean. The project now is to establish winter quarters in Florence, and form one household of women. The prospect opens charmingly, and Mrs. Davis in her sunny Italian retreat will be followed by the good wishes of her many friends and admirers at home. We hope she may come back refreshed as with new wine to renew the reform battle she has waged so vigorously and well.

—The increasing culture of American readers, and especially of women, is effecting a marked change in the character of the books published for the holiday season. We have fewer of the trashy, namby-pamby, mawkish-sentimental "essays" and stories with their florid illustrations, and more really refining and instructive books. Taste in art keeps good pace with taste in literature, and the people demand more substantial and classical mental regimen than formerly. The Appletons are preparing, in elegant form, illustrated in the highest style of American art, Bryant's "Fountain." Osgood & Co. have in press, "Edwin Booth in Twelve Dramatic Characters;" also "Longfellow's Poems," exquisitely illustrated.

—Through the columns of the *Independent* Miss Phelps proposes the following very significant conundrums: "How much more power of endurance does it require to mow a field in the sun on a July day than to cook three meals for six men and a family of children over blazing coals? If field work is more exhaustive to the system than house and dairy work, why is it said that two-thirds of the women in our insane asylums are farmers' wives? How does it happen that a woman has not the 'physical strength' to follow the carpenter's trade who is able to take in washing 'for a living'? How much more muscle is needed for lifting ladders and adjusting joists, and striking nails, than for wringing blankets and scrubbing overalls?" We hope some man zealous for truth, will change, works with his wife for a few days in order to give explicit answers to the above questions.

—Women, poor as they are, are becoming a financial power in the Church. The fact was developed at a recent meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions, that the congregational societies of the United States have a female membership of 210,927, and from among these it is proposed to raise \$200,000 by dollar contributions. We are glad this society prospers as any effort among women for union and co-

operation will prove a valuable means of education. There is so much work to be done for God and religion at home, right about our own streets, we are sorry to have any of this precious helpfulness lost by a long lever. But if women can only get up the needful heat and zeal to send moral pocket-handkerchiefs and red flannel shirts to the perishing little heathen of Booraboola-gha, we are still glad to have them combine.

—A volume of selections from the writings of the late lamented Albert D. Richardson, edited by his wife, has just appeared. It is filled with fine descriptive sketches of Western experience and jottings in his journals of travel. There is a feeling sketch of the close of his brave life, fraught with an almost painful interest, aside from the incidents themselves, when we consider what the writing must have cost. It is beautiful to know that Mr. Richardson was so good and helpful a man. His widow tells us, and we feel the tremor with which the words were penned, that no one ever knew him well, but has felt himself better and nobler, more charitable and more gentle in his judgment of others, more trustful in God's love, for having known him. And his memory is deep-rooted in the hearts of those who knew him thus. Many men and women have clasped my hand to say through tears, "He was the best friend I ever had." Many, with lips trembling with emotion, have said to me, "He helped me when I was discouraged. I owe more than I can say to his encouraging word and his friendly aid." Many men and women with tongue and pen, have said, "I feel myself better, more loving to man, more trustful in God, for having known this man."

—Mme. Leroy, who was tried and sentenced to transportation as a Communist for inciting insurrection and stealing the public money, is a somewhat remarkable character. She is described as small, fair, and slight, elegantly dressed, with the manner and bearing of a lady. From the evidence, it is almost certain that she caused people to be shot; but the refinement and softness of her appearance makes this seem almost incredible. Her answers to questions during her trial, however, were delivered in a clear, firm, energetic voice, and gave evidence of great cleverness. During the disturbances, this woman, it appears, established herself in the office of the Mairie, gave orders for requisitions, interrogated prisoners, and authorized their imprisonment. Her enemies say that under a velvety exterior there is a cold and cruel nature, propelled by indomitable resolution. The fact remains that Mme. Leroy was not found guilty of murder or inciting to insurrection, but simply of stealing the public money and talents, eminently fitting her for the political arena of our own city. Morally viewed, it is no worse for unrighteous gold to cling to the dainty palm of Mme. Leroy than to the larger and coarser hand of our own Tweed. The trial gave rise to some curious points of law. Her advocate insisted that the whole thing was a remarkable social contradiction. As a woman she was denied all political rights, and yet she was held accountable for political crimes. Supposing Mme. Leroy to be the tigress some believe her to be, she can only be viewed as the strange and monstrous birth of a troublous time.

Contributions.

HAVE JOURNALISTS RIGHTS?

BY SHIRLEY DARE.

My dear young friend, whose imagination is fired with the idea of turning correspondent, journalist, scribbler, what you choose to call yourself, listen to the experience not of one, but a dozen press-women, before you forsake all other paths for this. The question does present itself sometimes to my mind, Have journalists any rights to call their own? The question will not appeal to those serene contemporaries whose contracts with Franklin square and Tremont street are literal, and their fifteen per cent. profit not figurative. Still less does it apply to those gorgeous young editors whose salaries and good looks are equally announced by the tea-table dailies, or to that favored first contributor, whose articles always appear in "fat" type on the first page, and draw Christmas checks in return. But the majority of newspaper writers who work too faithfully to be badly paid, and are by no means undervalued as good servants of the press, will answer and endorse what follows.

As things are to-day, the publisher of a newspaper recognizes but one rule: That such articles as he prints he must pay for, after they appear, in his own time, provided the condition of payment was made distinct in the acceptance of the article. In the best journals, self-interest lays down the principle that what isn't worth paying for isn't worth printing; but this is far from being the case everywhere. Let those listen who picture to themselves a literary career as exempt from the trials of ordinary occupations, provided its entrance is once achieved, like the palace that flew open to those who could catch talismanic sentence engraved on the sword-blade of the guardian before it fell upon their heads. A few experiences are not uncommon even to those who are called successful journalists. Sometime after a writer has ceased to thrill at sight of that delicious column where her first neatly-traced article appeared, or to keep her five dollars therefor as a pocket-piece, when people's compliments rather tire than please, and the editor-in-chief thinks too much of the contributor to praise her to her face; when the blue ribbon of the press on public occasions is worth little more than an extra button in her eyes, and she begins actually to care more for her work than her literary reputation, her position in the ranks being assured, many little episodes like these will appear to convince the tired writer that as to business rights she is on a level with the Chatham street sewing-girl.

That sentence sounds strong, but it will bear its own weight. If the Chatham street shop-merchant accepts a piece of work, he is bound by law to pay for it, and judgment can be enforced provided the sewing-girl chooses to contest the case. She has a law fixed and attainable which will protect her. You send your manuscript to any journal, and it is published; but if you were too diffident or too thoughtless to insinuate that money was the condition of its passing from your hands, nothing but his degree of honor and gentlemanly sensitiveness prevents the publisher

from blandly saying in your face, "There was no agreement made to pay for this," or more circumspectly, "This appears as 'communication,'" which mystic sentence, the initiated understand, cuts off all idea of return shillings. Communications, in press dialect, means the class of letters and notes, usually of personal interest to the writer, wherein Jones complains of the street-car conductors, or the Reverend Dives expatiates on the merits of a westside mission, or Ximanthus sheds his opinions on his favorite lecturer before the public who skip them hastily. A liberal construction is laid, however, on this term, and in publishers' parlance it may cover a witty and eloquent monograph on the topic of the day, the gayest sort of a seaside letter, or picturesque description of a public festival. Perhaps the actual rendering of the two terms should be—

Article: Manuscript one has promised to pay for.
Communication: Manuscript one hasn't promised to pay for.

Custom has fixed the matter; it is useless to appeal to individuals. These things are done "without prejudice." A regular contributor to one of the evening dailies introduced the wife of a clever editor as a substitute with the gracious approval of the proprietor. Two well-written articles on popular topics designated by the editor were handed in by the novice and immediately published. The request for payment, however, was met with the cool remark, "We have decided not to make arrangements with Mrs. —, and don't owe her anything." The friend's indignant remark that "what was good enough to print was good enough to pay for," drew forth a placid "That is one way of looking at the matter!" A delicate device for obtaining fresh matter gratis is to print the specimens sent by a new applicant, answering the hopeful writer, "We admit your article, but regret that we are unable to form an engagement for your services," quietly ignoring the question of value received. Would any shop-keeper dare take the sample of embroidery from a sewing-girl and keep it on such terms?

A greater grievance is the want of any fixed standard of prices among publishers in the same city. The producers in the traffic of brains are simply dependent on the will of the purchasers. "Some give him white bread, and some give him brown," is the report of every writer who has had occasion to vend his wares. The school teacher, the clergyman, the artist have some standard by which to fix the probable return of their labors; the journalist has none. Especially is this true with the weekly home papers. One of the best novelists of America, the feminine barely admits of a plural this side of the water, draws either a hundred or twenty-five dollars for a story from the same magazine, as the case may be. She never knows what the return may be. As for the autocratic genius which sets its own prices, no one has that till she can revenge herself on hesitating publishers by retiring on an independent income, if she never writes another line. "To him that hath shall be given," is the assurance written over a literary career. If you want to succeed, that is, as most people mean, to make money by writing, first find yourself a good place in some other business, and you can dispose your wares at your own prices, or not at all. The New York Custom House supports the rates of magazine writing in that city. In the shelter of its arches, the

cleverest essayists and critics are bold to set a decent value on their midnight labors in poetry and prose. But the small fry suffer. Thirty-five dollars offered for an article one month, and ten doled out the next for one of equal value, according to the apprehensions of the gentlemen who pay the bills. Suppose any other business were run in the same way. A man buys calico as long as he can pay ten cents a yard for it. When his money fails, he does not affront the jobber by offering three. The author has not always the chance to decline terms. If his essay is published without word or sign, and he gets a ten dollar bill where he had a right to expect thirty, what help is there?

A rule of business which presses with hardship in certain cases is that which defers payment for an article till it is printed. A tailor makes a coat and sends it home; but he doesn't care whether the purchaser has worn it or not before he presents his bill. In other trades than writing, the artisan receives his pay when his work is done, not when his employer is done with it. "I wish the *Gloriole* would publish my article," sighed a Bohemian, in my hearing. "It was accepted two years ago, and hasn't seen the light yet. I'm about tired of waiting for my pay." He was unreasonable as the Hoosier who got mad after seeing his wife made love to by another man for two hours. There's no satisfying some people! But the fact is that two-thirds the magazine and newspaper speculations of the day—and most periodicals are mere speculations—would fail in three months if they were compelled to pay for articles when accepted. This rule would strike at the roots of those half-furnished undertakings, whose poverty tempts them to descend to the petty meannesses described above, to keep their sallow heads waving. There ought to be some definite rules laid down both for this and minor points. As a matter of pure good-breeding, I would ask is it necessary to return an author's fairly-written manuscript with the insignia of rejection on it, a ragged hole punched through it by the file-hook, editorial marks in pencil all over it, and, not least, the whole thing so soiled and crumpled that out of self-respect he must go to the trouble of copying it again. Editors forget that manuscript and time mean bread in too many cases. And when correspondents forward stamps and envelopes for return, as they should, it is mere boorishness to head the editorial column with, "We cannot undertake to return rejected manuscript." Usually it is the poorer and least popular journals which bear this savage reminder. The slight trouble of returning manuscript in good order may save a contributor days of labor in rewriting an article. The writer can claim to know something of editorial trials, but they hardly seem crushing enough to forbid this act of minor charity. What shall be said of the editor who coolly selects directions and information from a carefully prepared article, and publishes them in the columns of a favorite correspondent, while coolly returning the manuscript in defaced condition with the remark, "Unable to use it." This smacks of feminine modes of business. No, my friend, learn lace-making, furniture-polishing, bread or bed-making enough to live by, before you practice with your pen. If you lean on it, it will pierce like a thorn through your hand.

THE WORKING-WOMAN AGAIN.

BY LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

Not long ago there appeared in a daily paper an article taking ground against woman suffrage, and offering a crumb of comfort to women workers after this fashion: "The best we can say for a woman who is compelled to mingle daily with men on a working footing, is that we are sorry for her."

Now, in the first place, women as a class, or as individuals, are not on a footing with men in the work-day world. Either they are above them or far below. Custom has decided this, and the false education of the sexes must compel its continuance for a long time to come. The amount of meaningless sympathy extended to women who work has its beginning in this condition of things, and until genuine recognition and appreciation is awarded them in its place, their fate will not be brighter than at present.

Women, as a class, are poor, are divided in interests, and few in numbers compared to the great army of men who spend their lives in the workshop. And here let it be remarked that if the wealthy ladies of this and other cities would buy interests in business houses, and let the women-workers have a voice in the matter of compensation, it would not be hard to find competent persons to fill positions and perform the same amount of labor that is required of men.

In truth, women have had enough of everything but the right kind of help. They have been surfeited with conventions and speeches, and tracts, and wholesale piety, and sympathy, and they would like a little justice.

The amount of opposition a woman contends against is disheartening, and were she only toiling for herself, it would not be endurable. Do you, or does any one, suppose that it is for herself alone she works, or that it is her bread that concerns her so much? Let me tell you, if it were, she would forego effort, and prefer any amount of physical privation rather than combat the world against such fearful odds.

The sickening sense of degradation that follows repeated failures is only to be overcome by an amount of moral courage usual to only those who are acting out great principles, and living lives of perfect self-sacrifice. Nine times in ten they are working for others, and shielding helpless ones from storm and starvation.

And here again it may as well be said, for it is true, that the only chance a woman of medium ability has of getting along at all is to patiently endure injustice, and humbly appeal, like the brutes, for mercy. To others of marked genius there is but little to be apprehended, for the first promise of success will be followed by the smiles of the public.

The poor, hard-working, long-suffering masses of working-women must toil on and toil unceasingly, and look to the future for relief. Not that it will come, for even of this we are not sure; but a vague kind of hope is better than none, and some natures feed upon this kind of food all their lives, and then accept death at last.

But who knows but that the last years of the century are to be its grandest; or that its closing decade will not mark the redemption of the working-women from the thralldom of accursed customs?

ANOTHER RAID ON THE U. S. TREASURY.

The clerks at Washington are preparing to bring their grievances before Congress at an early day. Like horse leech's daughters, the horde of hangers-on, vampires, who suck the life blood of the country, cry, "Give, give," and are never satisfied. Women who do more work for \$900 per annum than the men do for \$1,200 to \$3,000 per annum, scarcely make a word of complaint, while the male clerks and heads of departments hound Congress all the year round for an increase of pay. The clerks are paid from \$1,200 up to \$2,500; heads of departments from \$2,500 to \$4,500, and some, we believe, even more. The male clerks get one month's furlough with pay, if they wish; the higher officers, as auditors, get two months; the secretaries have all the time they see proper to take for private business and party purposes, while the President, with his \$25,000, spends at least one-fourth of his time away from the seat of Government. The watchmen, messengers and common laborers receive from \$50 to \$75 per month, and, like the women, have no vacation. The clerks who cannot make the same wages in any other place or at any other work, and who seek these positions on account of the high wages and light labor, work, on an average, only six hours a day, and much of that time is spent in "soldiering," yet complain that \$1,200 to \$2,500 is not sufficient for them to live upon. Ordinary mechanics, who have families to support and who work at hard manual labor from eight to twelve hours per day, get but \$2 a day, and yet these political pimps, who are the party's whippers-in, are not satisfied with \$4 to \$18 per day. We know of clerks in Washington, who, on salaries of \$1,200 and \$1,500, save \$500 and sometimes more out of it, and if they do not, it is their fault, for good comfortable board and lodging can be obtained for \$30 per month.

The working men, who are asked to support the radical men on grounds of reform, progress, economy, political, moral and commercial virtue, will take notice of the fact that this party pays thousands of men from \$4 to \$20 per day from five and a half to six hours work, while laboring men get less than \$2 per day, with just as much natural demand and necessity for good wages as these men. How much better is the General Government that wastes by hundreds of millions than the local one that is accused of wasting a few millions? Will the *Tribune* and the *Times* solve this riddle for the working men and women?

NEWSPAPER MORALITY.

NUMBER TWO.

The highest interests, intelligence, moral purity and physical comfort of society can only be subserved by truth and justice. If to utter a lie, to practice a wrong, injures an editor, to receive and believe that lie, or repeat the injustice, must be an injury to society. It is the right of society, and particularly the right of the young and ignorant, who are the helpless recipients of the results of all falsehood and error, to demand that the public press shall maintain a high standard of morality in theory and conduct. The public not only pay the cost of the press, but enable

it to accumulate large fortunes; therefore, while it is managed ostensibly by the parties having legal rights thereto, it in reality belongs to the public, which has furnished every dollar spent in its multifarious labors and duties as well as of its accumulations. The press, then, can have no right to use its original or enhanced powers against the well-being of the society which creates and supports it. Much that now constitutes the make-up of newspapers is justified not because of necessity, utility or morality, but solely by the plea that the public taste demands it; it will sell. When the mind accepts such a plea, it tells its own story. No one need label it. "This is a demoralized soul." The morale of the man must be corrupted before such a plea can be accepted in justification of acts which a just judgment disapproves. When even the secular press degenerates into a mere money-getting and partizan machine, regardless of moral effect, woe unto the society of which it is an educator. And yet this is the condition of journalism and of society now. That the press is largely accountable for the morbid and prurient tastes of the reading public; for the sentiments, habits, and even criminal tendencies of society at large is only too true. We say this regretfully, because it would seem almost impossible that the intelligence now guiding and controlling this most important engine could deliberately and willingly, for mere gain, lend itself to the demoralization and destruction of our entire social and civic system. But this is the whither towards which we are drifting. A glance over the pages of the leading dailies of our city for the last month is sufficient proof of the allegation to any but the willfully stolid. We owe it to ourselves as patriots and philanthropists to demand that this great instrument of popular education shall not be turned into an engine of destruction. The press owes it to itself to accept this great responsibility, and wield its power for the conservation of all the moral forces of society against the universal and destructive tendencies of the age.

Book Table.

ONE OF THE CUNNING MEN OF SAN FRANCISCO; OR WOMAN'S WRONGS: Being Sketches from the Diary of a Neglected Wife. Woman's Co-operative Printing Union, 424 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

We have this pamphlet from the editress. A somewhat hasty perusal of its pages inclines us to think that, inasmuch as "truth is often stranger than fiction," it must be the veritable story of a woman's life. But we cannot perceive that the publication of such experiences will avail much, if anything, towards remedying the evils complained of in the book. The picture of the "Cunning Man" is a very clever portrait, and an arrant, hypocritical scoundrel, who was unworthy the companionship of a good, upright woman for a single day.

—In a letter to the last *Golden Age*, Mrs. Stanton says: "Nasby's poem, 'Hannah Jane,' and Greeley's prose, alike give pitiful pictures of the subordination of woman in her present position. Ignorant, helpless, degraded by her humility and self-sacrifice, making the best of men arrogant, selfish, unjust, and the condition of most wives is simply that of upper servants without wages."

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this Journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general warfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 2092, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, OCT. 12, 1871.

VALEDICTORY.

With the present number of this journal my editorial connection with it ceases. My frequent and necessary absences from America render it impossible for me to do justice to THE REVOLUTION or myself, and make it imperative upon me to yield the conduct of the paper into other hands.

I am happy to say that my successors, though they cannot bring a more zealous adherence to the cause of woman's rights than myself, will, at least, be able to devote to its advocacy a larger amount of time and more constant labor.

THE REVOLUTION, under my editorship, has claimed for woman not only civil but social equality with man. Not woman suffrage alone has been inscribed on its banner, but woman's rights—and first and foremost among those rights is that of self development, which God has imposed upon her in common with man as the highest duty; to this end I have claimed for her, as the first step which must lead to it, freedom of mind and person; freedom to work out her career unbiased by any one calling her master; freedom to think her own thoughts and to shape her own destiny; freedom to educate herself untrammelled by the schools; freedom to choose a congenial employment and to earn a living at it; freedom to marry, and, having married, to be her husband's equal and not his subject in the marriage bond; freedom to remain unmarried without loss of social prestige; freedom in all that pertains to her physical growth, to her intellectual stimulus, to her social ties, and to her moral aims.

Not license, but liberty, is what I claim for woman. I would not degrade womanhood, but I would elevate manhood. I would not have women less pure, but men less unclean.

In short, I demand a larger freedom for woman, not in her own interests alone, but for the sake of society. Men and women must rise or fall together; unconsciously they lift or drag each other to their own level, and the claim for woman's rights is only another form of demanding human rights.

These claims I have endeavored to press with firmness, but with moderation also, and as I have been accused by some of too much gentleness, and by others of too much vehemence, I conclude, that, having suited neither party of extremists, I must have succeeded pretty well in my attempt.

It has been my aim to be just to my opponents, and what has been a still more difficult task, to be equally just to my allies. In short, to large demands, I have tried to add a larger

charity, and, strange to say, after an experience of a year and a half in a reform movement, I have not lost faith in human nature.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD.

OUR SUCCESSORS.

We have to announce to the public that THE REVOLUTION has passed into the hands of Mr. J. N. Hallock, a New York publisher of high reputation, and will henceforth be conducted by Rev. W. T. Clarke. Mr. Clarke is so well known, in this city and at the East, as an editor of long experience, marked ability, and culture that any formal introduction from us seems almost superfluous.

Therefore, with entire satisfaction, the friends of the movement may contemplate the future prospects of THE REVOLUTION, under excellent, judicious editorial and business management. It needs only the continued support of those who ever have been its allies, with a vigorous effort on their part to enlist the aid of all who believe in, and wish for, the triumph of the principles upon which this paper was established, and which it has ever advocated, to make it more of a power in the future than it has been in the past.

Our heartiest sympathy and co-operation will be extended to our successors, round whom we hope the friends of woman's rights will rally in such force that the cause shall receive a new and powerful impetus from this change in the prospects of the oldest and first established organ of the woman's movement.

IS MARRIAGE UNNATURAL?

Is marriage an arbitrary social arrangement contrary to human instincts, and kept in force only by a rigid public opinion for the sake of the best interests of the community? Do married people remain in wedlock simply because it would be disreputable to break away from the bond which holds them together? Do the majority of men and women who live together as husbands and wives hate the tie which unites them? If the restraining force of public opinion were removed, would this vast army of mated people at once throw off the yoke which has become intolerable to them? Is the calm exterior of ordinary family life only a decent and hypocritical disguise assumed to hide from prying eyes the indifference or hatred that sit by the fireside?

One would imagine from the general outcry of alarm which is heard, if the marriage question is touched upon, that the majority of people regarded it as the most fragile of all earthly institutions; a thing not only too sacred, but too delicate to bear even the most dainty handling lest it vanish utterly from the earth.

We confess that we do not share this almost universal sentiment. We do not believe that marriage is a merely social convention—the result of the careful thought and long experience of the race. On the contrary, we believe that the ardent love of one man, for one woman, and of one woman for one man, which leads each to seek a life-long union with the other, as the highest happiness for both, is the most natural, and the most universal, as it is the most powerful of the passions of the human heart.

The world has done what it could to destroy this sacred impulse; but, in spite of false education, nature is still stronger than the artificial restraints with which social conventions have attempted to fetter it.

"The marriage institution is on trial now," said a distinguished English reformer to us not long since; but even if this be true, we have no fear for the result. If marriage be not for the highest happiness and the highest good of the human race, the sooner it were done away with the better. But we believe it will bear the closest analysis—the severest tests that can be applied to it—and come out the brighter from the fiery ordeal.

For not only does marriage meet the demands of the purest and most exalted sentiment of mankind, but it also appeals to the practical good sense of the community.

The grouping of society into families is not only the first step in civilization, but love draws and holds together men and women in marriage all over the world, whether they be civilized or uncivilized, and everything in life has the tendency to make this tie stronger. The little hands of children draw the wedded pair the closer to each other by their sweet and tender touch. The daily habit of association, by almost imperceptible growth, binds the husband and wife together so strongly that not until some sudden wrench comes do they realize the deep hold which their lives have taken upon each other.

Community of interests also wind themselves about the husband and wife in so subtle, and yet so powerful a grasp, that it is almost impossible to break from their hold.

It is the fashion to say that if public pressure were removed from married people the world would be amazed at the sudden utter wreck of households which now seem peaceful and happy. On the contrary, we believe that far fewer disruptions of the marriage tie would occur, under circumstances of absolute freedom, than is generally supposed. No doubt some wedded pairs, of whom the world little dreams as unhappy, would break their chains, but, on the other hand, many others who were supposed eager to gain freedom, would remain in the matrimonial harness.

Many who chafe under their present restraints would, were the responsibility of shaking them off thrown upon them, doubtless shrink from the very step which they now imagine themselves eager to take as the road to happiness. Human nature is not so bad as one would imagine from the declarations of human beings themselves.

Men are not so mean as they profess themselves to be; and when they tell us that a larger freedom of divorce means that husbands would, as a rule, desert the women whom they have chosen in the bloom of youth, as soon as the cares and duties of wifehood and maternity have dimmed the brightness of their young lives, they do not realize what they say. The man who utters this libel on his sex would scorn the insinuation that he could be guilty of this meanness. He always predicts this of other men. Few human beings are so utterly base as to disregard the rights and claims of those connected with them by ties of blood or duty.

However unhappy people may be in their matrimonial relations, they cannot altogether lose sight of the feelings and the interest of their children and their families.

Were freedom of divorce allowed such unfortunate persons—were they allowed to decide whether to bear or to break away from their present conditions—endurance for the sake of others would be, we are sure, oftener the rule than is generally supposed, and, certainly, the bonds which held them would be less unbearable if they felt that they were imposed not by society, but by themselves.

WOMAN AND THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The International Association, whose ramifications extend all over Europe, and even stretch themselves across the broad Atlantic to our shores, is the dread and terror of all conservative minds. Nor is this surprising, since the organization aims at a general revolution of the present social system.

Years ago, Heinrich Heine told the world what it had to fear from the knot of fanatics who gathered in France, had begun to assert the right of labor to rule the world. No one heeded his warning at the time; but his words seem absolutely prophetic now, read in the light of the fierce flame which has spread from that fiery centre, and which threatens to sweep over all Europe, destroying every ancient and time-honored land-mark in its devastating course.

The little band of discontented workmen have become a mighty and powerful host before whose onward march not only thrones totter, but the whole social fabric trembles. They claim the right of labor to rule the world. They propose a new social order in which every citizen is to be an artisan. They demand the abolition of all aristocracies, even that of skilled labor. In their system, as expounded by certain of their most prominent leaders, they hedge about with the most pains-taking restrictions, the trained laborers to whom the apprenticeship of the young must be trusted, lest a pride and power of superior knowledge should develop in this class, the hated virus of aristocracy.

Community of labor, and an equal division of its rewards, are the fundamental props on which the new Utopia is to rest. But while all are agreed on these principles, there are differences of opinion among the Internationalists on certain important questions.

The organization of the family is one of these points of difference. Shall the education and training of the children be given over to the State, or left to the hands of individuals? In other words, have the parents or society the best right to the child? Is the parent or the State the best custodian of his interests?

The majority of the International associations cling to the family life as not only the best for the training and development, but also for the happiness of the human race. But there is a large and influential minority who are persuaded that the abrogation of the family tie is absolutely needed in the highest interests of the new social order.

The position of women in their modern Utopia is another problem much discussed, and its discussion gives rise to great variance of opinion. The majority, however, have, on various occasions in large conventions, decided that woman has no right to labor. She alone in the grand social scheme is to be debarred from a share in the toils, or in the rewards of this busy community.

It is the place of women to be the mothers of the race, say the philosophers of the International. Wifehood and maternity are the work clearly assigned her by nature; as in early life she must enter on these functions, and to the performance of the duties which they impose upon her, she must give the best years of her life, it is hopeless to think of making a skilled laborer of her. She must be supported by others. For wives and widows, the society will, therefore, provide suitable maintenance; in the first place, by the earnings of the husband and father, and, in case of his death, by a mutual assurance society, which shall care for the widow and her children.

For old maids, the Internationalists make no provision. We are organizing a *natural* order of society they say, in place of the artificial systems which now curse the world. We cannot take into consideration monstrous and unnatural exceptions to the true social law.

But against this decision of the majority, an eager minority protests, and with such vehemence denounces the injustice done to woman by excluding her from her just share of work and reward, that the first division in their ranks has been made on this very question.

Madame Goegg, the President of an International association of women, whose headquarters are at Geneva, protested against this making marriage compulsory for women. Numbers of women joined in the protest, declaring that, in the interests of morality and purity, women should be trained to self-support, and should enter wedlock from higher motives than the necessity for maintenance. To make marriage a profession, they insist, is to profane it utterly. It is to make of the noblest impulses of the soul its deepest degradation. Love, which alone justifies and sanctifies the union of men and women in wedlock, is utterly ignored by these would-be reformers, who offer women only the alternative of marriage or starvation. Bad as is modern society, reckless of woman's needs, careless of her education for self-support, it is yet less cruel and less regardless of her welfare than this army of Vandals who are tearing down, with ruthless hands, the work of centuries—clearing away the old rubbish, with the assurance that they will build something better in its place.

A social order which has no room within its borders for such women as Florence Nightingale, Miss Dix, Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen, and a host of noble women whose lives, though never rounded out into the full circle of completed experience by marriage, have been full of usefulness to others, and blessedness to themselves, is a system which falls far short of an ideal perfection.

A social order which makes of woman a helpless dependent on man, is a failure, for such a slavish position degrades not only women, but men.

By making marriage obligatory, it robs it of all charm. When necessity, and not love, impels a woman to give herself to a husband, marriage is a crime: and when society offers to woman no other way to obtain food and shelter but wedlock, morality and purity have received their death-blow.

The minority of the members of the International, who protested against this degrading theory, were wiser in their generation than the majority who sustained it with an obstinacy which caused the first division and break in their compact ranks.

—Mary Hirst Sparhawk, a maiden of ninety, a great grand-daughter of Sir William Pepperell, and stated to be the last of the Pepperell family, died recently in Portsmouth, N. H.

—Miss Harriet W. Terry, of New Haven, has accepted the position of lady Principal of Vassar College. This lady is a sister of Major General Terry, and has been known for many years as the head of a ladies' seminary in New Haven.

—The Mormon idea, worked out on a false and pernicious basis, has, nevertheless, proved that marriage is the one cure for the social evil; therefore, as an experiment, it has had its value. Monogamic marriage, for all classes, at a somewhat early age, would annul the existence of this social leprosy as the Salt Lake system has done, although the latter is but a choice of evils. However, if our reformers and social scientists would accept the fact that marriage is the one cure, they might do the world some real service by investigating the causes which have led and are leading to the decay of marriage and the increase of the single classes.

—A correspondent of the London *Times* says: "Mrs. Siddons was lady's maid, I believe, to the Duchess of Ancaster, a relation of the Greatheads. She was at Guy's Cliff when young Greathead broke his leg. He was a remarkably clever boy, and the Duchess's maid; for his amusement during the tedious hours of his recovery, used to read Shakspeare to him. The boy was delighted, and insisted upon Siddons going down to the drawing-room to read before the Duchess and the party staying at the house. Her Grace remonstrated. She had no idea of her maid being brought so prominently forward; but the boy would not be refused. He was furious at the denial, and, with more zeal, perhaps, than discretion, he retorted upon his noble relative in these words: 'My lady Duchess, Siddons is one of God Almighty's nobles, and that is more than your Grace can say for yourself.'"

—Mr. Higginson says that the women of Fayal are not considered remarkable for beauty; but in the villages of Pico one sees in the doorways of hovels complexions like rose-petals and faces such as one attributes to Evangeline, soft, shy and innocent. Yet the figure is the chief wonder—the figure of woman as she was meant to be, beautiful in superb vigor—not diseased and tottering as with us, but erect and strong and stately; every muscle fresh and alive from the crown of the steady head to the sole of the emancipated foot; and yet not heavy and clumsy as one fancies bare-footed women must be, but inheriting symmetry and grace from the Portuguese and Moorish blood. I have looked in vain through the crowded halls of Newport for one such figure as I have again and again seen descending those steep mountain paths with a bundle of fire wood on the head, or ascending them with a basket of farm manure. No person who has never left America can appreciate the sensation of being among healthy women; often as I had heard this I was utterly unprepared for the realization; I never lost the conscious enjoyment of it for a single day, and when I reached home and walked across Boston Common on a June Sunday, I felt as if I were in a hospital of consumptives.

Special Correspondence.

THE COMING RACE.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

We, of Oakland, Cal., have been highly favored in being allowed to listen to two of Mrs. Stanton's lectures—the first, "The New Republic," delivered to a large and appreciative audience; the second, to women alone, on "Marriage and Maternity." Many important ideas were forcibly presented to us in this second lecture, and I believe the women of this city will not be slow to adopt the reforms urged by Mrs. Stanton. That pure-minded and highly intellectual beings are, in every case, the children of good mothers, is generally held; but Mrs. Stanton told us how these noble beings could be produced. By women properly obeying the laws of health, attending to the intellectual and moral nature, rather than the ordinary cares of life; by attention to proper modes of dress, to exercise, bathing and diet, the grand result may be obtained.

Then the lecturer gave us an instance from her own experience. But what was easy for Mrs. S. to do would not be within the reach of the many. Take a farmer's wife, for instance, where the indoor work connected with a large farm naturally falls upon her. It is simply impossible for her to get as much rest as she needs during maternity, even when the husband is kind to her, and does all he can to lighten her load. Owing to their limited means, she must be more or less a drudge. Or, take the wife of a laboring man. Obligated to maintain the family expenses upon a very limited amount, it is simply out of the question for a woman during maternity to find time for self-culture and for sufficient rest. I suppose in "the good time coming," when the principle of monopoly no longer exists (the few striving for inordinate wealth, while the toiling masses can scarcely make both ends meet,) when there shall be more uniformity in our social conditions, then will there be a true reform. I leave to wiser heads than mine the settlement of these grave questions; but I do see that there is something wrong.

With regard to women exercising the rights of suffrage, I heard a lady propose a plan. Let fifty women or more of any town walk at the same time, by the side of their husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, or gentlemen friends, and quietly deposit their ballots, and then walk quietly home; this action on their part would have more effect than merely talking about the matter.

The women on this Pacific slope are awakening from the long sleep of inaction, to the importance of taking the initiative in the needed progress of the race.

God speed the day when the wrongs of past ages shall be banished, and right and justice shall everywhere prevail.

Truly yours, SARAH A. TALBOT.

THE ST. LOUIS LABOR CONGRESS.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

THE REVOLUTION of September 21st says that "the St. Louis Labor Congress urged women to learn trades, form unions, demand equal wages, and promised aid by encouragement to all such unions. But not one word had they for help of women out of unions, nor for their political rights."

This statement is a great mistake, as we certainly know, because we were there.

In the first resolution, demanding for women equal pay with men for equal work, not one word was said about their forming or joining unions, and yet the resolution passed with but one dissenting voice. In the discussion of that resolution, special mention was made of woman's work as teacher, and mother, and housekeeper, but not a word about unions.

The delegates of the Labor Congress have learned by experience that union is strength, and one of them, who is, I know, an earnest friend of woman's political rights, wishing to encourage the use of this power of union by women, offered a resolution embodying this idea, and also a woman suffrage clause. In the discussion that followed, the suffrage clause was stricken out, not because the leading men there present were opposed to it, but because they thought it would be an element of discord in the rank and file of their membership.

I believe that the political rights of women have truer, more earnest, more devoted, and more practical friends among the labor movement than among any other class of men in the United States. More than any other class they feel that woman is needed in the government, and that it cannot be successfully conducted on democratic principles without her.

Truly yours, MRS. GOODRICH WILLARD.

MEN AND WOMEN ADVOCATES.

Now-a-days it is the fashion to praise the brave and good men who come forward to the support of woman suffrage above the women who stand with them shoulder to shoulder. We hear it said that men have apprehended the situation better, and even that they have shown more tact and delicacy. John Stuart Mill, Robert Collyer, George William Curtis, Laboulaye, Ernest La Gouve, Salvatore Morelli, and many others, certainly deserve all the compliments that can be paid them; but it is easy to see why they occupy a position of greater dignity than some of the women who are working towards the same end. It takes a person of the noblest instincts and broadest sense of justice to advocate the cause of an oppressed class to which he or she does not belong. Men who have espoused the rights of women occupy an elevated, outside position from whence they can survey the whole field. They sit in the judicial seat while women make the plea. The women, destitute of implements, are trying to set themselves free from the inside. The men, with implements furnished them by freedom, are endeavoring to help their sisters from the outside. Women learn the wrongs of their sex more through the heart than the head; men apprehend them alone through the intellect, and bring a cooler and more logical temper to the apprehension. Most of the speeches made by women in their own behalf are weighted with feeling. They are in too great haste and stress of eagerness to get their rights to be exact and nice in the choice of arguments. They tell what they, themselves, have felt, seen and suffered, and furnish, however incompletely, the elements of vital heat, while the male advocates supply light. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton in this country, and Frances Power Cobbe in Eng-

land, are the only women who, by reason of the highest logical faculty, have as yet shown themselves capable of giving statements of this whole question as close and convincing as those furnished by John Stuart Mill and Laboulaye. Our feeling towards the men who have come to our aid is not a cold and feeble emotion, but the very enthusiasm of gratitude. We feel that they are for us because, by their very mental and moral constitution, they cannot be against us. They were born to the paladinship, and such insignia of nature's nobility is beyond praise.

Although the women advocates are working for themselves, and at the first blush seem to stand lower than these men, who from pure love of truth and justice have come to the front; still, in a broader sense, there is no conflict or division of interest. Men and women together in this cause are doing a work for humanity, one and indivisible, and it is always well to keep this fact prominently before the mind of the world.

PIOUS GAMBLING.

The capital of the nation is gaining an unenviable notoriety for this sort of amusement. Speculating upon the benevolent emotions of mankind has been for many years one of the chief methods pursued by those having the treasuries of the Church and of benevolent associations in charge to bring money to their coffers. In the eyes of the godly, betting on horses, or gambling at *rouge et noir* or "policy," is very sinful; but raffling for impossible smoking-caps and monstrosities of Berlin work to raise money to educate some fellow for the ministry—who, since he cannot earn his own education, might better be left to the pious indulgence of his laziness in the sphere from which these zealots would raise him—is considered eminently proper and godly. Lotteries and raffles are common incidents in church and charity fairs. Immense prices are asked for goods of no value, slices of cake being sold at several dollars each because in one of them is hid a diamond or other ring. If churches may practice on the gullability of humanity in order to extend the kingdom of heaven, can any one find fault if the children of this world employ like means to promote the interests of the kingdom of darkness? What right have the righteous to complain of others, and declare eternal damnation to them, while they, themselves, practice the tricks of the gamester? The ingenuity of Eusebius, who defended lying for the truth's sake, is demanded to justify this practice of the Church.

—Bishop Potter, of this State, advises pious ladies to form societies, leave the world, and devote themselves to God. The *Portland Transcript* sensibly remarks that the world is just the field for pious ladies. God certainly has no need of them.

—In Asia, among the Mongols and Calmucks, a woman must not speak to her father-in-law, nor sit down in his presence, thus reversing the order of our civilization, where the quarrel generally lies between the unfortunate married male and that stock figure of dramas and morals, the mother-in-law.

—Kate Stanton opens her lecture course in Chicago in January.

The Revolution.

Mrs. Adele M. Hazlitt has called a meeting of the Northwestern Woman Suffrage Association, to be held in the Representatives' Hall, in Indianapolis, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 15th and 16th of November. All the prominent suffrage speakers in the Northwest are invited, and every effort will be made for a great meeting. Indianapolis being the home of Senator Morton, a strong effort will be made to induce him to address the Convention. This society was formed in Chicago, in May, 1870, by delegates from the various States, and the first annual meeting was held in Detroit last November, and was a decided success. A large and successful convention was held under the auspices of this society at Fort Wayne, Ind., in March last. The headquarters of the Northwestern Association are at 145 Madison street, Chicago, and are occupied jointly by the Northwestern, the Illinois State, and the Cook County Societies.

—The Oswego Fair recently awarded a premium for the most sensible style of female costume to Dr. Mary Walker. We do not consider any costume sensible which is utterly devoid of beauty. Beauty is as much a necessity as ease and convenience, and we think Dr. Walker, while advocating some good ideas, entirely overlooks this fact.

THE REVOLUTION.—TERMS.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Single copies, five cents.

We will send one copy of THE REVOLUTION and Frank Leslie's Magazine for..... \$3 50
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Burnett's Cologne—The best in America.

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Special Notices.

FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. J. R. Bowen, Wellsboro, Pa., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Machine almost constantly since 1859 on all kinds of material, without any repairs or personal instruction.

REST, HEALTH AND COMFORT TO MOTHER AND CHILD.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays all pain, and cures

wind colic. Perfectly safe in all cases. We would say to every mother who has a suffering child, Do not let your prejudice, nor the prejudices of others, stand between you and your suffering child and the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of this medicine, if timely used.

A GOOD MEDICINE.—The next best thing to a reliable physician in any community is a good medicine; and to a sincere and skillful practitioner it is an invaluable help. To know a remedy and to apply it is the Doctor's great business—aside from this his advice is from experimental practice, and we are only experimenting when following it. The reliable medicine is, therefore, the great desideratum. To direct when to administer it is all the physician is required to do. In Buchu, as prepared by Dr. Helmbold, we have, therefore, all that is needed. Every bottle of the extract has full direction for its use. It is no quack medicine, but comes to the patient with the recommendation of some of the brightest intellects known to the science of physics. A medicine bearing the unqualified endorsement of such men as Dr. PHYSIC, Professor DEWEES, Dr. EPHRAIM McDOWELL, and Professor TRAVERS, of the Royal College of Surgeons, cannot fail to find its way to the confidence of millions of families. Hence the wealth of its distinguished preparer, and its necessity to the family circle at all times and seasons. See advertisement elsewhere.—Cincinnati Gazette.

[From the Independent, May 17, 1871.]

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the splendid stock of furniture to be seen at the warehouses of Messrs. Lang & Nau, 292 and 294 Fulton street, Brooklyn. Here will be found a large and varied stock, made in the richest and most substantial manner, after the newest styles and designs. Messrs. Lang & Nau, owing to their practical knowledge of manufactures, are enabled to fill orders for all styles and grades of furniture equal to any to be found in this country, and at prices below New York houses. Those in want of rich, plain and substantial furniture will do well to give them a call.

(From the Christian Union, May 11.)

Messrs. Lang & Nau, 292 and 294 Fulton street, have for sale at their elegant store, and a very fine collection of furniture and upholstery, which they offer at as low figures as any house in the city.

Although comparatively strangers to our citizens they have secured during the past four months, by their strong desire to do the square thing, many friends and quite extensive business. We refer our readers to these gentlemen, who will be pleased to show them their assortment of furniture, if nothing more. Don't forget 292 and 294 Fulton street.

ELOCUTION.

Miss Fanny Winship will receive a limited number of pupils, and give private lessons to young ladies who wish to prepare themselves as readers, lecturers, or for the stage. For particulars, apply at No. 48 Fourth Place, Brooklyn.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA, North College avenue, and Twenty-second street, Philadelphia, Pa. The twenty-second annual session will begin on Thursday, October 5, 1871. Clinical advantages of an extended character are provided. For catalogue and other information, address

ANN PRESTON, M.D., DEAN,
5t eow or EMELINE H. CLEVELAND, Sec'y.

THE DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE IS ONE of the marvels of science. Perfection in all its work, not liable to get out of order, simple and inexpensive, it deserves to rank first in this useful class of machinery. It has all the latest improvements, besides some novelties, for a list of which we refer to the advertisement in another column.

A. T. STEWART & CO.

Are offering an elegant assortment of
Point Gaze, Applique, and Chantilly
SHAWLS, OVERDRESSES, JACKETS,
Basques, Parasol
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BRIDAL TROUSSEAUX,

Consisting of a
Pointe Flounce, Garniture Set, Parasol
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TRIMMING LACES,

Comprising the largest, richest, and cheapest lot of
Laces ever shown in this city.

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HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

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ARE OFFERING

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

In Table Damasks, Table-cloths, Napkins, Doylies,
Towels, Towelings, Sheetings, Shirtings, Pillow
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comprising Table-cloths, Table
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Towels, Towelings, Sheetings, Shirtings,
and Pillow Linens, at

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Among the Table Linens of this very superior stock are some of the most costly goods in rare and elegant designs, to which they respectfully solicit an early inspection.

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AN AMERICAN LADY, of refinement, having met with reverse, desires a remunerative position as travelling companion, or would superintend the household affairs of an invalid lady. Address, Office of THE REVOLUTION, Box 3093, N. Y.

The Revolution.

WM. DIBBLEE, LADIES' HAIR DRESSER,

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Consultation on diseases of the scalp, Mondays,
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A. McPHERSON,

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Would call the attention of the public to the

RADIANT, or NEW FIRE-PLACE HEATER,
one that will heat below as well as the upper rooms.
It has a shield to prevent the mica from being smoked;
has a dust-damper by which the stove can be cleaned
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They comprise 165 dozen

CHILDREN'S FULL REGULAR WHITE COTTON HOSE, AT 25 CTS. PER PAIR.

144 dozen LADIES' GENUINE IRON-FRAME HOSE, At 25 cts. per pair.

110 dozen EXTRA LONG ENGLISH HOSE, 38 cts. per pair.

118 dozen EXTRA LONG ENGLISH HOSE, very fine, At 52 cts. per pair.

82 dozen LADIES' BALBRIGGAN EMBROIDERED HOSE, at 37 1/2 cts. per pair.

303 pieces BLACK GUIPURE LACE, in five different patterns, at 90 cts. per yard.

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At 50c. per yard

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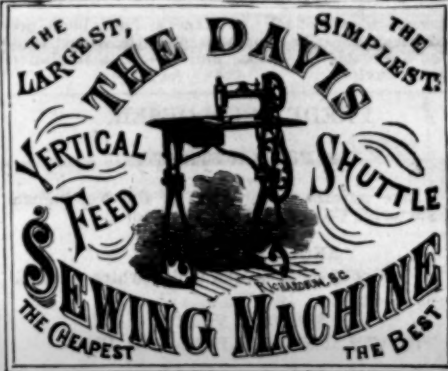
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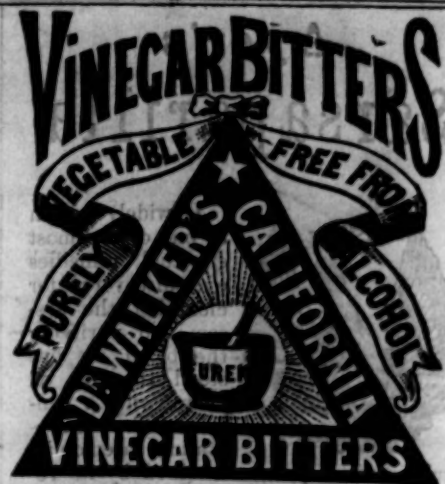
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